

## **Historic, archived document**

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.



ADVERTISER FARM AND HOME HOUR

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #384

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ BLUE

( 11:30 - 12:30 PM )

TIME

( MAY 3, 1940 )

DATE

( FRIDAY )

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS





1. ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers!

2. MUSIC: Quartet, Ranger's Song.

3. ANNOUNCER: The men of the United States Forest Service plant trees  
4. ... protect and care for them as they grow, and see  
5. that they are properly harvested. They build trails and roads and  
6. telephone lines....They concern themselves with the wild things in  
7. their forests....the animals, birds and fish...They supervise the  
8. grazing of domestic livestock...see that the needs of folks who want  
9. forest recreation are satisfied... Foresters do all these things and  
10. more, too... for in their work they deal with people... A forest  
11. Ranger plays as important a part in his community as any other person  
12. living there... To him the good neighbor policy is not just something  
13. to think about... it's something he tries to practice every day.  
14. The problems of his community are very often his problems. His  
15. business life may deal with the forest, but his home and his civil  
16. life, and his civic duties, these belong to the community in which he  
17. lives....

18. But now to the Pine Cone National Forest.....Ranger Jim  
19. Robbins has been spending the morning in the little town of Winding  
20. Creek, buying some things he needs to put his lookout towers in shape  
21. before the summer fire season gets under way... We join him now just  
22. as he is about to enter the Winding Creek General Store... Andy  
23. Goodman, Proprietor and Manager....





1. SOUND OF DOOR BEING OPENED....BELL TINKLES....DOOR IS CLOSED

2. JIM: Hey, Andy! What's the idea of the door bell? Afraid

3. some one'll steal your store?

4. ANDY: (FADING IN) Jim...Jim Robbins...I'm sure glad to see you.

5. JIM: Hello Andy...Look, you got any clothes line I can use

6. for a flag rope?

7. ANDY: Yes, Jim...but listen, I want to talk to you, first.

8. It's important...I'm worried...

9. JIM: Worried?

10. ANDY: Yeah. It's about him...back there...in the hardware

11. department...

12. JIM: Him?...Who are you talking about, Andy? I don't see

13. anyone back there.

14. ANDY: (SOTO) Shh-h-h, not so loud, Jim. I don't want him to

15. hear us. He's back of the harness rack. That's why

16. you can't see him...

17. JIM: S'pose you tell me what this is all about, Andy...

18. ANDY: (SOTO) Well, Jim...I've been missing things lately....

19. things like candy an' straps an' such as that. That's

20. why I put that bell on the door...sometimes I get out in

21. the back of the store and can't tell when someone comes

22. in...

23. JIM: How long's this been going on, Andy?

24.

25.





1. ANDY: 'Bout couple weeks or so... Well, today not a half-hour  
2. ago, in fact, I was out back breaking up some old boxes  
3. for firewood and I thought I heard the door bell, see?  
4. When I came in the kid was trying to slip out. I  
5. caught him and he had the stuff in his hand...wouldn't  
6. s'prise me none if he hasn't taken other stuff...

7. JIM: I dunno, Andy. Seems to me he can't be much of a thief  
8. if you caught him so easy...Who is he?

9. ANDY: That Dalton boy...you know, Jim...name's Bobby...Sam  
10. Dalton's boy...

11. JIM: Aw, no, Andy, I can't believe that. That kid wouldn't  
12. steal.

13. ANDY: That's who it is, Jim. Didn't I catch him myself? An'  
14. I sorta wish I hadn't now...

15. JIM: Bobby Dalton, eh? H-m-m. Poor Sarah.... Ever since  
16. Sam fell off that scaffold and got killed last year  
17. she's had a tough enough time keeping the family going,  
18. without this thing happening..

19. ANDY: That's why I'm worried, Jim...I hate to tell her about  
20. it...and yet....maybe she oughta know. Maybe she can  
21. teach the kid better...Shucks...it ain't the little old  
22. box of crayons I'm worried about. It's....

23. JIM: Wait a minute, Andy...did you say crayons?.. Was that  
24. what he tried to get?.....a box of crayons?...

25. ANDY: Yeah...just a cheap little box of colored crayons...  
Gosh, I'da been glad to give 'em to him if he'd only  
asked for 'em.





1. JIM: Now, if it was a baseball, or a bat, or...fish hooks,  
 2. say, why that'd make more sense... but a box of  
 3. crayons...H-m-m....did he say what he wanted 'em for,  
 4. Andy?

5. ANDY: Naw, he wouldn't say nothin' 'cept he hadda have those  
 6. crayons... Very important, he says...and that I  
 7. shouldn't tell his mother...Kid seems to think a heap  
 8. of her an' was more worried about her finding out than  
 9. he was 'bout stealing the crayons....

10. JIM: Yeah, I know. The kid's crazy about his mother..Well...  
 11. s'pose we have a talk with him...Say, Andy, you didn't  
 12. tie him up, did you?

13. ANDY: 'Course not. What kinda man you think I am, Jim?  
 14. 'Course I didn't tie him up. Just told him to sit  
 15. there, and he set...Kinda scared him though, I guess.  
 16. Told him I was goin' to take him to the Sheriff...and  
 17. yet...that didn't seem to bother him much. He was more  
 18. worried about my telling his mother....

19. JIM: Poor kid. S'pose you just let me talk to him, alone...  
 20. I wanta find out why he took those crayons. Seems to  
 21. me there's more interesting stuff in this store for a  
 22. kid his age than colored crayons...Andy, you wait  
 23. here, huh?

24. ANDY: All right, Jim, I sure hope you can straighten him out.

25. JIM: Well, I'll see what I can find out.

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR...SNIFFLING FADING IN





1. JIM: Hello, there, Bobby.....couldn't hardly see you back  
2. here... Sorta dark, isn't it?  
3. BOBBY: (TEARFULLY) Hello...Mr. Robbins....  
4. JIM: Here, boy...here, stop your crying now...wait'll I  
5. open this back door.  
6. (SOUND OF FUMBLING WITH DOOR BOLT...DOOR SWINGS  
7. CREAKILY OPEN)  
8. There, that's better...Now, Bobby, s'pose you tell me  
9. what this is all about.  
10. BOBBY: I tole him I'd pay him, Mr. Robbins...first chance I  
11. got. Honest I did, Mr. Robbins, and I woulda, too, if  
12. he'd lemme go... He says he's gonna tell momma and the  
13. sheriff an' everybody... (TEARFULLY) You won't let him  
14. tell momma, will you, Mr. Robbins...you can make him  
15. not tell momma, Mr. Robbins...Please, Mr. Robbins, I  
16. don't want momma to know....  
17. JIM: You should've thought of that before you took those  
18. crayons, Bobby. Your mother's got enough troubles as it  
19. is.  
20. BOBBY: Yessir, Mr. Robbins...I know...That's why I hadda have  
21. those crayons...for momma...  
22. JIM: You mean your mother wanted those crayons? What would  
23. your mother want with crayons?  
24.  
25.





BOBBY: It's not that Mr. Robbins... Momma didn't want no crayons... she didn't even know I was goin' to get some... but I needed 'em on account of her just the same.

JIM: All right we'll let it go at that, Bobby. But why didn't you ask her for some money to buy them with?

BOBBY: Oh, I couldn't do that, Mr. Robbins. She ain't got no money for crayons and besides I didn't want her to know anythin' about it until... well... until...

JIM: Until what?

BOBBY: I can't tell you, Mr. Robbins... I just can't, not now. Look, Mr. Robbins... please b'lieve me. I hadda have those crayons, that's all.

JIM: But Bobby, if your mother couldn't give you the money why didn't you ask Mr. Goodman to trust you for the crayons? He says he would've if you'd only asked him.

BOBBY: I couldn't, Mr. Robbins. I didn't want nobody to know... It wasn't really stealin'... not if I was goin' to pay him for the crayons... was it, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Well, Bobby, when a fellow takes something that doesn't belong to him that's usually...

BOBBY: (FIERCELY) No, sir, Mr. Robbins. I wouldn't steal nothin' !.... I was gonna pay for those crayons... you gotta b'lieve that... you gotta, Mr. Robbins....



JIM: All right, Bobby, I believe you...As I see it, you just had to have those crayons. It's got something to do with your mother and that's why you tried to tak...I mean, borrow them....

BOBBY: Yessir, Mr. Robbins...But gee, I ain't got no crayons or nothin' now...and I can't help mamma...not now... gosh!

JIM: Bobby...I'm going to do something...I'm going to give you a box of crayons, but you've got to promise me one thing....

BOBBY: Gee, Mr. Robbins...I'll promise...

JIM: You've got to promise me, Bobby, that you'll come to me if you need anything like this again. No more taking what doesn't belong to you. Do you understand?

BOBBY: Yes, Mr. Robbins...An' you won't let Mr. Goodman tell mamma?

JIM: I don't think Mr. Goodman will tell your mother...not this time, Bobby...(CALLS) Andy..Hey Andy...I want the best box of crayons in the store...

BOBBY: Gee, Mr. Robbins...you're swell...gee...

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR

ANDY: Here you are, Jim,..but I can't understand.. not for the life of me...why...





JIM: It's very simple, Andy. Very simple... Bobby, here, needs a box of crayons. He needs them for his mother, he says, and I'm seeing that he gets 'em. He says he didn't mean to steal anything in the first place, and I've promised we won't tell his mother.. Here's your crayons, son.

BOBBY: Gee... thanks, Mr. Robbins... thanks...

JIM: That's all right, son... Remember your promise, now. I want you to come and see me.....

BOBBY: I will... I sure will, Mr. Robbins.. "Bye Mr. Goodman,...

SOUND OF RUNNING FEET ON WOODEN FLOOR... DOOR OPENS... BELL TINKLES...

DOOR CLOSES...

MUSIC UP AND OUT

(SOUND OF RUNNING FEET ON WOODEN PORCH.. KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BESS: (OPENING DOOR) Why, Bobby Dalton, I'm glad to see you... Come right in (DOOR CLOSES) ..... How's your mother?

BOBBY: Momma's fine, Mrs. Robbins... Where's Mr. Robbins? Is he here, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: No, Bobby, but I expect him home any minute now. Here, suppose you just sit down here, and I'll go get some cookies. Little boys always like cookies...

BOBBY: Gee, thanks, Mrs. Robbins, but I.. I.. couldn't eat nothin' now... I just wanta see Mr. Robbins, that's all. He said he'd help me...





1. BESS: And I'm sure he will, too, Bobby, if he said so....But  
 2. isn't it just possible that I could help you out before  
 3. Jim gets here?

4. BOBBY: Oh, no...,no thanks, Mrs. Robbins...I just wanta see Mr.  
 5. Robbins...

6. BESS: (LAUGHING) All right, Bobby...But tell me, what's that  
 7. you have there under your arm? Looks like a picture.

8. BOBBY: No ma'am, it's not a picture..not 'zactly..It's a  
 9. poster...That's what I want Mr. Robbins to help me with.

10. BESS: M-m-m.. May I see it, Bobby?

11. BOBBY: Yeah...I guess so, Mrs. Robbins...there...

12. BESS: Oh Bobby...it's...it's beautiful...Where in the world  
 13. did you get it?

14. BOBBY: (PROUDLY) I drawed it, Mrs. Robbins...I drawed it myself  
 15. with the crayons Mr. Robbins game me...

16. BESS: Well, Bobby, I must say you've done a fine job.  
 17. Wherever did you learn to draw like that, son?

18. BOBBY: Daddy...daddy used to teach me 'fore he died...He..he  
 19. always wanted to paint pitchers 'stead of houses,  
 20. himself, an' he used to say he wanted me to be a  
 21. pitcher-painter when I growed up, too...You think it's  
 22. good, Mrs. Robbins?

23. BESS: I do, Bobby....This is one of the finest fire prevention  
 24. posters I've ever seen. I can't wait 'til Jim sees it...  
 25. I bet your mother's proud of you, Bobby...



1. BOBBY: Momma ain't seen it yet, Mrs. Robbins...I didn't want to  
 2. show it to her before I got the fifty dollars...  
 3. BESS: Fifty dollars? What are you talking about, Bobby?  
 4. BOBBY: I can't tell you, Mrs. Robbins...I can't tell no-one 'til  
 5. I get it... Isn't that Mr. Robbins comin' now...isn't  
 6. it, Mrs. Robbins?  
 7. SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES  
 8. JIM: (FADING IN) Hello!...Any one home? How about something  
 9. to...oh..  
 10. BESS: (LAUGHING) Why, Jim Robbins, where's your manners. You  
 11. have company...  
 12. JIM: Yes, so I see...Hello Bobby, glad to see you.  
 13. BOBBY: Hello, Mr. Robbins...Look, I come like you told me to.  
 14. I need help, Mr. Robbins...  
 15. JIM: Well, you've come to the right fellow, Bobby. What do  
 16. you want me to do?  
 17. BOBBY: I ain't got no money, Mr. Robbins...and I gotta  
 18. send this poster...  
 19. JIM: Here, let me see that...H-mmmmm. By George, that's a  
 20. dandy, isn't it, Bess?  
 21. BESS: I told Bobby you'd like it, Jim.  
 22. JIM: Best I've seen...and you did it all by yourself, Bobby?  
 23. BOBBY: Yessir. I got the idea from the little talks you been  
 24. making at school, Mr. Robbins...  
 25.





1. JIM: (CHUCKLING) H-m-m. I see...that's why you put  
2. these devils' horns on the man, eh? Look, Bess..y'get  
3. the idea? This fellow's tossing a lighted cigarette in  
4. the dry grass, and Bobby's made a mean-looking old devil  
5. out of him....

6. BOBBY: Yessir.. (ANXIOUSLY) That's all right, isn't it, Mr.  
7. Robbins? You said yourself that a feller'd think the  
8. devil was in the woods sometimes...folks get so careless  
9. with their matches and cigarettes...

10. JIM: (LAUGHING) Yeah, reckon I did, Bobby...(SERIOUS) And I'd  
11. say you've done a swell job of putting it down in your  
12. poster too. Sorta wish a lot of folks could see this,  
13. and get the idea...

14. BOBBY: They will, Mr. Robbins...they will... 'cause I'm gonna  
15. get the fifty dollars and then they'll print a lot of  
16. these posters and send them all over..so's folks can see  
17. 'em...well anyway, that's what the paper said...

18. BESS: What are you talking about, Bobby? Do you know, Jim?

19. JIM: No, Bess, I'm not sure that I do, exactly... Suppose you  
20. tell us, Bobby...All about the fifty dollars and all...

21. BOBBY: It's the fire poster contest, Mr. Robbins...The State  
22. Conservation Commission's givin' fifty dollars for the  
23. best poster and I'm goin' to win...an' give momma the  
24. fifty dollars. She needs it more'n anybody...

25.





1. JIM: Oh...so that's it, huh, Bobby? Well! that's why you  
2. needed the crayons, huh? Why didn't you explain all  
3. that before?

4. BOBBY: I couldn't, Mr. Robbins...I wasn't gonna say anything  
5. 'til I got the fifty dollars so's I could s'prise  
6. momma and everybody...I wouldn't have said nothin' now  
7. 'cept I got to send the poster in and I ain't got no  
8. money...

9. JIM: Well, we'll fix that, Bobby...don't you worry none about  
10. that..

11. BOBBY: But it's gotta be in by the end of this week, Mr. Robbins..

12. JIM: Bobby, this fire poster will be in on time if I have to  
13. carry it to the State Capitol, myself...

14. BOBBY: Gee...Mr. Robbins...thanks...Say, you oughta get half  
15. 'cause you ga e me the crayons an' everything...

16. JIM: Well, that's mighty fine, Bobby, but let's not worry  
17. about that... You better get along home now..it's  
18. getting dark. I'll send this poster off tonight myself.

19. BOBBY: Gee...thanks.. Goodbye Mr. Robbins...Goodbye, Mrs.  
20. Robbins...

21. BESS & JIM: Good-night, Bobby....

22. BOBBY: (FADING) Boy, won't momma be happy when I get that prize.

23. SOUND OF DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING...WHISTLING FADING OUT.

24. BESS: Jim...do you think it has a chance to win the prize?

25.





JIM: Bess, I think that Bobby's poster, here, is almost sure to win that fifty dollars. And whether it wins or not, I have a feeling that some day the whole town of Winding Creek is going to be proud of Bobby Dalton...

MUSIC FINALE

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are presented by the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

Spring tree planting is well under way in many of the forest regions now, and millions of trees are being planted this year on cut-over and burned-over areas in the national forests. The Forest Service is also continuing the work of shelterbelt planting in the Plains States, where, in less than five years, more than 11,000 miles of living barriers against the scorching winds have been established. There's an illustrated booklet issued by the Forest Service that tells quite a bit about Shelterbelt plantings and if you want to learn more about this interesting project you can obtain a copy of this booklet by writing to the Forest Service. The title of this publication is "Trees That Temper the Western Winds."

....I'll repeat that once more--- just send a post card to the U.S. Forest Service, Washington, D.C. and ask for a copy of "Trees That Temper the Western Winds."

# # #



